

IED KACZYNSKI
to
BEAU FRIEDLANDER

Item #34
Certified

Article # Z 403 256 559

January 29, 1999

Dear Beau,

To answer your letter of January 11:
p. 1, ¶ 3. Bonnie did send me the copy of
the e-mail notice. No need to apologize.

p. 2, ¶ 3. Good — do strike "it's no harsher
than ... in any case." As for the paragraph you
wanted me to add, I think it's good to use it,
but only as a footnote, not in the main text.

p. 2, ¶ 5. Yes, I and Jensen both understand
that you will only look at any manuscripts he
may send you, and that there is no guarantee
that you will accept anything. I don't know
whether I do respect Jensen as a writer.
The only thing of his that I've seen is
Listening to the Land; this seems to me to
be very well written, but from an ideological
point of view I dislike the greater part of
it. Jensen is very emotional, hence, in my
opinion, not good at rational analysis. But, for
that very reason, his fiction (of which I
have seen nothing) may be much better than
his nonfiction. He says he's planning a novel
to be called "Flashpoint." From the little he's
told me about it, it sounds as if it may be
something like a radicalized version of
Edward Abbey's "Monkeywrench Gang." I don't
know whether it will be any good, but
anyway I look forward to seeing it.

p. 3, ¶ 2, 3. I've been thinking about these
matters, and I'll be ready to reconsider my
stand about 60 Minutes if I find good reason
to do so. If and when I get my thoughts on
this subject sufficiently clarified, I'll write
you something about it. Meanwhile, I'll be
glad to hear any ideas you may have about
how I might use 60 Minutes to achieve

2.
suitable goals without prostituting myself to image-making techniques and all that sort of garbage.

p. 3, # 5, p. 4, # 1. Ditto.

p. 4, # 2. Yes. Language. In 1978-79 I worked at a factory job with some people from Pakistan. They told me that they all spoke seventeen languages. (And I don't think they were counting English, which would make it eighteen.) These were all languages spoken in various parts of India and Pakistan.

What fascinates me about Turkish is its grammatical structure. It's an agglutinative language; by adding a string of endings onto a word it forms long, complex words that incorporate a great deal of meaning. And, says the book, the grammar is almost perfectly regular. Thus, there are no lists of irregular words to memorize as in German or Russian. The rules of Turkish are rather complex, but once you have learned them you can form words without worrying about their individual peculiarities. Alas, I'll probably never find time to learn any Turkish.

I think the Iranian language that Ramzi Yousef speaks is not Farsi, but something else. But I'm not certain.

Yes, to be really fluent in a language, I suppose you have to spend considerable time with native speakers.

So you play classical guitar. I wish you could come and play for me. I haven't heard any substantial amount of classical music for many years. Do you play any Vivaldi?

My trouble with oral Spanish is not in speaking it. There was an investigator on my defense team who was half Mexican, and he told me that my Spanish pronunciation was good, except that I had a Spanish accent — i.e., I spoke like a Spaniard rather than like a Mexican or other Hispanic-American. But I speak slowly and haltingly because I have to search my mind

for words.

However, my real problem with oral Spanish is in understanding the spoken language. It's alright if ~~some~~ someone speaks very slowly and clearly; but Hispanics ~~are~~ tend to speak rapidly, and when they go at their normal rate I can understand very little of what they say.

p. 4, ¶ 4 and p. 5, ¶ 1. As for printing letters with Industrial Society and Its Future, it's strictly up to you whether you want to use them or not. I take no position on that question. But, to tell the truth, I was planning to dump on you the task of selecting such letters. I don't have the letters with me. A few are at the Federal Defenders Office in Sacramento, but the rest have been sent to the University of Michigan Library, which wants to have my personal papers. If you wanted to use any of those letters, you would, I suppose, have to go to the U. of M. and search through them yourself for the very small percentage that might be worth printing.

Please keep confidential the fact that the U. of Michigan Library will probably get my papers. They don't want to have it announced publicly just yet.

As for a foreword by me, I really don't know what I would write in such a foreword. But I have written some commentaries on particular points covered in Industrial Society and Its Future, and you might be ~~rather~~ interested in those.

p. 5, ¶ 2. Concerning the "missing" letter, item # 20 on the list I sent you: The letter dated December 5 was the note that I sent you to

7.
send to Through carelessness, I listed it as a separate item, though it was sent in the same envelope as item #19.

(By the way, did you contact . . . about photos? If so, how did she respond?)

So, apparently, you've received everything I've sent you. But there is a real problem with the mail: the Fed Defenders in Sacramento recently reported to me that they've failed to receive five of my letters. That makes altogether 10 missing mailpieces now — and I haven't checked with all my correspondents, either.

p. 5, ¶ 5. As for the two envelopes that arrived unsealed, that's the fault of the ADX mailroom. They are supposed to seal the envelopes, but apparently they sometimes forget.

p. 5, ¶ 3. You write, "Whether we mutually understand that a changed society would be desirable, is another matter entirely." Would you clarify your meaning for me? Just where do you stand on this?

As for Chris Waits, I have to defend myself against him. For one thing, I have several friends at Lincoln who have been defending me and calling Waits a liar, as a result of which they have earned the antagonism of Waits and his cronies. I can't just leave them in the lurch by remaining silent. Furthermore, I think the Waits business is likely to turn to my advantage, because his hoax is an incredibly stupid one. In his book, I find, he's told lies that I should easily be able to prove are lies; so, he presumably, will be discredited, and if the national media report further on Waits's book they will presumably report it as a hoax.

I think there's a good chance I can save myself the trouble of writing an article for the Missoulian. What I've done is send letters

(copies of which are enclosed) to the Helena Independent Record (which published the book) and to the Missoulian, in which I listed a few of Waits's lies that can be checked out without much difficulty, and I offered the Missoulian and the Independent Record my full cooperation if they want to ~~me~~ undertake an investigation to test my assertion that Waits is a liar and his book is a hoax. I don't know about the Independent Record, but the Missoulian is a pretty good little paper (as newspapers go), and since they published a major article about Waits's book, I think there's a good chance that concern for their reputation will lead them to do an investigation.

If they don't, then they will look pretty sick for having passed up the opportunity when I later publish proof that Waits is a liar.

p.6, #2. I think you can get in touch with my family members soon — but only after I've given you some pointers on how to deal with them psychologically. I'll have to save that for another letter.

p.6, #3. I did not contact Regnery — he contacted me. Besides your opinion, I have other reasons to suspect that Regnery is a scoundrel.

I think that finishes all the business that I had to cover in this letter. So, just for fun, let me return to a topic that always fascinates me — language. My grandparents were all born in Poland; my parents were both born in this country, but learned Polish from their parents. Unfortunately, I did not learn Polish from my parents; I don't think I know more than a dozen words of that

language. I don't know whether my maternal grandmother^{ever} learned English; she drank herself to death at an early age, and I never knew her. My paternal grandfather spoke Russian and German as well as Polish, but I'm told that he never learned English. My paternal grandmother and my maternal grandfather both had an excellent command of broken English. Speaking of which, there was an article many years ago in the Scientific American* about pidgin English. It — the variety of pidgin English discussed by the author — had an odd charm to it. If I remember correctly, the article recounted the story of Theseus and the Minotaur in pidgin English, and it went something like this: 'Now, him go long disfella islan', nem belong him Crete. ~~The~~ King disfella islan', him badfella king, nem belong him Minos ... " etc. It was somewhat hilarious.

To come back to Polacks who don't speak English, my father once told me the following story:

Back in the 1930's, there was a Polack fresh over from the old country who needed a job, but spoke ~~no~~ no English. So he went to another Polack who had been in the U.S. for a long time and asked him for help.

This second ~~first~~ Polack said, "Oh, they need someone at the laundry where I work. You can get a job there." The first Polack said, "But I don't speak English; I don't know what to say".

"That's okay," said the second Polack, "I'll teach you what to say".

So he spent two hours teaching the

* At least I think it was in the Scientific American. Anyway, it was somewhere.

first Polack to say, in English, "You fucking son of a bitch, kiss my ass and suck my cock."

The next day the first Polack went to the laundry, looked around to see who was giving the orders, went up to him and said in his ~~most humble~~ humblest and most ingratiating tones, "You fucking son of beech, keeps my ess end sock my cock."

Well, the foreman was pretty sharp. He realized that this guy didn't know what he was saying, so he called over someone who spoke Polish and had him translate. Through the translator, he asked the Polack, "Who told you to say that to me?" The Polack answered, "Zbigniew Poznowski* told me to say it."

"Get Zbigniew over here," ordered the foreman.

When Zbigniew arrived, the foreman said, "You're fired. He's got your job." This was a serious matter, too, because the Depression was on, and it was extremely difficult to get a job.

Okay, enough of that. I shouldn't be wasting my time on these frivolities. I've got too much to do.

Best regards,

Tad Kaeyynski

P.S. Bonnie passed on to me your warning that Rick Sallinger is "after

* fictitious name.

something bigger" than the investigation of Waits. I know it well. He wants to do an interview with me. But I've been giving him information only for the Waits investigation.

—TK

P.P.S. Please let me know whether you have received items # 28 through 33.

—TK

P³.S. I just received your letter of January 26. I'll answer it as soon as I can. Meanwhile — would you be able to obtain for me transcripts of any stories about me that Sallinger may broadcast? I asked Sallinger to send me such transcripts, but it's an open question whether he will send them or not. It's possible that he may prefer that I not know some of the things he broadcasts about me.

Glad you liked Jensen's sample.

—TK

P⁴.S. Can I now assume that I won't have to do anything further with corrections of Mello's book? I want to know so that, if I no longer need my notes on Mello's book and my copy of it, I can send them elsewhere ~~for~~ for safe-keeping. I'm not allowed to accumulate too much stuff in my cell.

—TK